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Eastern Foot-Wear.

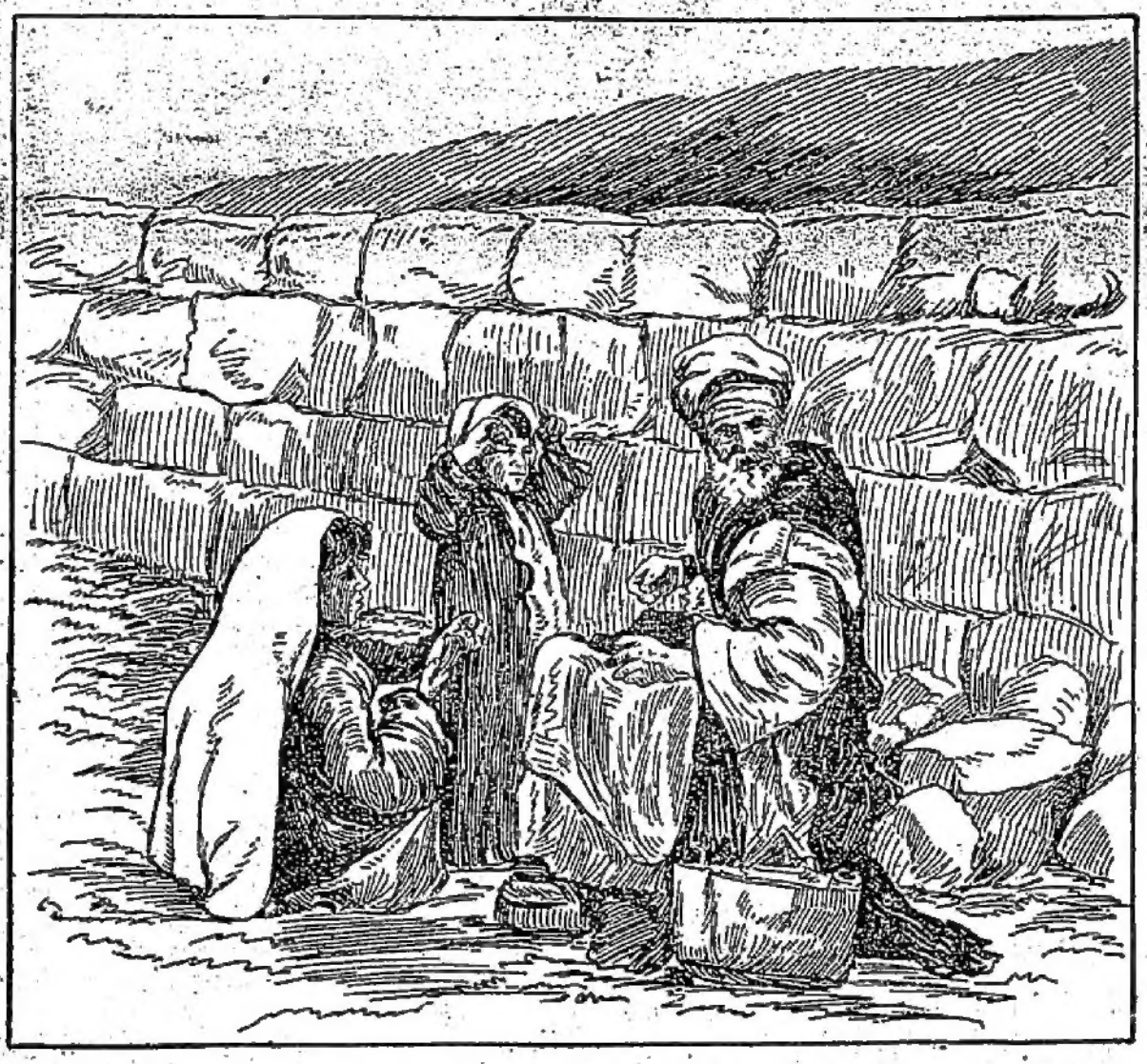
('Christian Herald.')

In Eastern lands, where the dry season prevails during the greater part of the year, the foot-wear generally used is quite different from that usually adopted where changeful seasons and cold climate are the rule. Among the ancient Hebrews and Egyptians, sandals were almost universally worn, except, probably, in the hilly parts of the country, where, owing to the greater roughness of the land, foot-wear of a more substantial character was used. There is a great variety in the shape and quality of the sandals; those of the wealthy were made of fine material, the upper part being of cloth or delicate leather, with pointed turned-up toes. Still another sort is of woven or interlaced palm-leaf fibre, or papyrus stalks, the heavier kinds being lined with cloth.

Some of the nations contemporary with ancient Israel wore sandals, on the inner soles of which were painted the figure of a captive, thus giving almost a literal interpretation to the idea of 'treading the enemy under foot,' (Josh. x., 24). Shoes with higher covering, and even low boots, have been found depicted on some of the inscriptions of Thebes, but these are now believed to have been Greek, rather than Egyptian. On the ancient Assyrian monuments, shoes are found pictured as being worn by some of the native princes. In those early days, however, as at present, a very large proportion of the people of the East wore no foot-covering whatsoever.

Among the modern Orientals there is a large variety of shoes, some of them being almost similar to those worn in Europe and America, while a great majority are a modification of the ancient sandal or the modern slipper. All Orientals prefer shoes that afford ample room for the foot, and which can be put on and off the foot easily. Our illustration represents an itinerant mender of shoes at work in a public thoroughfare near Jerusalem. The old man, a native Syrian, probably, is busily repairing a shoe, while his children stand beside him watching the progress of the operation. He will travel a considerable distance in a day, doing odd jobs of mending as he proceeds, and getting paid either in money or food. His is not a lucrative occupation, but it must be remembered that a family can subsist on very little in the East.

Shoes are frequently mentioned in the scriptures, and in connection with certain usages, they possess peculiar significance. Thus, in transferring land, it is customary to deliver a shoe or sandal (Ruth iv., 7). To cast a shoe upon the soil was a declaration of occupancy (Psalm lx., 10). A sandal thong was a type of worthlessness (Gen. xiv., 23). Shoes were taken off when the wearer approached a sacred place or a temple, or addressed a superior. To this day, an Oriental removes his shoes when he desires to specially honor some one, and a Moslem leavs his shoes at the door of the mosque he is about to enter. To carry the shoes of another person is an act of servitude, and to tie another's shoe is a courtesy paid to high distinction alone.



A TRAVELING SHOEMAKER AND HIS OPEN-AIR WORKSHOP.

Little Phoebe--Her Home in India.

('The Springing Well.')

A woman with a tiny baby in her arms came plodding wearily along the road. The scenery through which she passed was grand and beautiful, for she was travelling among the great Himalaya mountains in the north of India. The road skirted along the side of a steep hill. Here and there she saw a village surrounded by its narrow terraces of

'SHE WENT TO SCHOOL.'

cultivation; from just such a village nestling amongst a few trees on the rugged face of the mountain the woman had come. She had been turned out of her little home, and was now wearily dragging her steps towards a place where she had heard she might have food and shelter. How she longed to reach her destination! How tired she was! And she was more tired than she might otherwise have been, for she was a leper, and it was with difficulty that she could walk. It was because she was a leper that she had been turned out of house and home by her husband, and she had brought little Phoebe her baby girl, away with her.

At length she reached the house where she had been told the good, kind people lived who would take care of poor outcasts like herself and her baby, and she found out what she had heard was true. For the missionary sent her to a clean and comfortable home, where other lepers lived, and she soon learned to be happy like them, because Jesus came into her heart and filled it with joy and gladness.

Meanwhile, what had become of her little baby? The child was not a leper, but was a healthy little girl; so the missionary said, 'I will keep your little girl for you, and feed her and teach her, and you shall come and see her every Saturday if you are able.' The mother was anxious that her little girl should grow up strong and healthy, so she consented to give her to the missionaries. Oh, it was very, very hard to be separated from her baby, but better than that she, too, should become an outcast leper like herself.

The little girl soon grew used to her new surroundings. In a little while she could walk and run about and chatter instead of only crawl on the ground. And when she was big enough she went to school, and learned her alphabet along with other little

girls, some of whom were, like herself, the children of lepers. Year by year she grew and learned more and more. Among other things she learned a little English, and could talk it quite nicely; but, best of all, she learned to know Jesus, and she let him into her heart, to reign there as her Lord and Saviour.

After having been in the mission school learning her lesson for some years, during which time she had grown into a tall and capable girl, she at length left it in order to help the missionaries by teaching little non-Christian girls in the bazaar. Most of her scholars were the children of Nepalese soldiers, a regiment of whom were stationed in the town. Day by day she would go to school and teach these little girls reading, writing, arithmetic, knitting, and bible stories. This lasted for three years. But during this time such a large number of children had come to the missionary to be fed and clothed and taught, it was necessary to appoint some one to specially look after them all.

Reginald Radcliffe.

Born in Liverpool in January, 1825, Reginald Radcliffe had some time passed the threescore and ten when, some time ago, he was called to his eternal rest. He elected to follow the same calling as his father—that of a solicitor. Early in life he began to take part in Christian work, with all the wholehearted eagerness of an intense nature. Ragged schools were his first love, from that he followed on to open-air preaching, and took part in this form of gospel work in London when it was comparatively in its infancy.

In the early years of his wedded life he was very active in evangelistic work among Lancashire colliers. Two of his most effective fellow-workers in those days were Richard Weaver and John Hambleton. Much time and loving effort were also expended on the sunken masses of his native city, and the pleasure-seeking crowds who attended Chester and other racecourses. At Chester he and Richard Weaver, like Paul and Silas of old, were thrust into prison for proclaiming the gospel under the blue sky. Not infrequently in after life Mr. Radcliffe came into collision with the powers that be, in a similar way; but he always chose to obey God rather than man. These activities did not prevent him from assiduous bible study and earnest culture of the spiritual life. He lived and breathed continually in an atmosphere of prayer and child-like communion with God, on whom his faith laid hold with a tenacity that strengthened with every succeeding year of life.

From a season of bright and happy service for Christ in and around Kendal, he sped northwards to Aberdeen, at the invitation of a prfessor in the University of that city. This was in the end of 1858; just when 'the sound of abundance of rain' was being heard in America and the North of Ireland. Before the year closed a most memorable revival had broken out in Aberdeen, largely under Mr. Radcliffe's labors; though other consecrated workers, such as Brownlow North and Mr. Macdowall Grant, of Arndilly, were honored instruments in connection with that memorable visitation of Divine grace and saving power.

Mr. Radcliffe's earliest visits to London were in the winters of 1860 and 1861. In his efforts to carry the gospel to the dwellers in this great city he had the co-operation of a host of devoted men and women, whose labors God very richly blessed, both in the western and eastern parts of the city. To the work begun in East London in 1861 may very distinctly be traced most of the the aggressive mission efforts that are in operation among these teeming tens of thousands at the present day. At intervals, Mr. Radcliffe found, or made, time to evangelize also in Ireland, Scotland, the North of England, and the home, or Eastern, counties.

In 1861, with Mr. Shuldham Henry, for a yoke-fellow, he visited Paris and other places in France, where the power of the gospel was very signally manifested. Here Mr. Radcliffe had his first experience of preaching the gospel message through the medium of interpretation; a method which he pursued in after years in Switzerland, Scandinavia, Russia, and other European countries where his native tongue was not sufficiently understood.

After a delightful and fruitful period of work in Switzerland in 1862, Mr. Radcliffe's health (which, we may say, was always the reverse of robust), quite failed, and he had to take a prolonged season of rest from active public preaching. Before that, however, he had taken a practical part in the relief work in Lancashire rendered necessary by the Cotton Famine. While helping to keep alive the bodies of these industrial populations, he was equally zealous in ministering to their spiritual necessities.

Passing on a few years we note that when

REGINALD RADCLIFFE.

Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey paid their first visit to London, the task of organizing a preliminary house to house visitation was imposed on Mr. Radcliffe. In former years he had devised a similar effort in his native town, and the experience then gained helped him to do most valued service, with a staff of willing voluntary helpers, in paving the way for those memorable mammoth gatherings, in different parts of the metropolis, that marked the mission of the American evangelists. About the same time Mr. Radcliffe's sympathies were drawn out towards the condition of sailors and passing emigrants in our large seaports. He was the chief instrument, in God's providence, in the establishment of the now familiar 'Strangers' Rests,' first in Liverpool, then in London, and afterwards in Hamburg, Bremerhaven, and Hull. That movement has since spread to different parts of the globe, and no finite mind can calculate the benefits, temporal and spiritual, that have accrued to those who do business on the great waters of the world.

Largely in the same line of service was the lengthened visit paid by Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe, in 1880, to different parts of Scandinavia. Only, the unceasing labors of these friends were by no means confined to one class. All were fish that came to Mr. Radcliffe's net; to him all souls were precious, and worthy of being instructed in the wondrous love of God. For that was his undying theme. He could preach the terrors of the law, and he could thunder out God's rejection of the lifeless formalist; but he dearly loved to exalt the tender love of God—Father, Son and Holy Ghost. His gifts of ingenious, evangelistic speech were altogether his own, and with his words always went a winning smile that does not appear in the accompanying portrait.

A long visit to Russia and Finland in 1884 was another evangelistic excursion, by Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe, that was full of the deepest interest and attended with blessed results. Mrs. Radcliffe's narrative of these tours cannot fail to charm and to stimulate the reader.

In his later years, when weakened health and growing bodily infirmity did not allow of so much travel and actual personal effort, Mr. Radcliffe threw his unquenchable zeal into the channel of foreign missions. About ten years ago he went through Scotland, and other parts of the kingdom, in company with some like-minded brethren, seeking to rouse the church members to a deeper sense of their responsibility to the great heathen world. 'World-wide evangelization' was the comprehensive scheme on which he loved to descant, with all the persuasive tenderness he knew so well how to throw into his oral and written appeals.

His last important journey was to America and Canada in 1888, in company with Mr. Hudson Taylor. Across the sea he was able very sensibly to fan the rising flame of missionary consecration, which resulted in such a marked extension in the operations of the China Inland Mission.—'The Christian.'

Which Paid Best.

(By A. H. Hutchinson.)

A true story connected with the Klondike gold discoveries seems to point a moral without needing any explanation.

After the first lucky gold-miners had arrived in San Francisco, a Christian man was talking with one of them and asked him what they did in regard to religion up in the Yukon country.

'Oh, we don't have religion up there,' said the miner.

'You do not? What do you mean?'

'No; we can't bother about such things.'

'No?'

'We can't spend the time. You don't suppose a man is going to lay off a day just because it's Sunday when there are a couple of hundred dollars in sight for him to pick up? No, sir!'

'Well! well! Didn't a single man stop on Sunday?'

'Yes; come to think of it, I believe I did hear of one, I think his name was Leppy. Some one said he had been secretary of a Y. M. C. A. in Seattle before he went north. He came down on the boat with us.'

'How much did he bring with him?'

'Something over sixty-five thousand, they said.'

'And how much did the rest of you bring?'

'We cleaned up between five and ten thousand dollars apiece.'—'C. E. World.'

With respect to prohibition in New Zealand, it has been stated that, whereas ten years ago not ten thousand people in the colony could have been got to vote for prohibition, 48,000 did so in 1894, and 98,000 last month, or an increase of 50,000, equal to a third of the voting strength of the colony, and that another 30,000 would have given the prohibitionists a majority. At the present rate of increase such a majority should be secured in the next three years.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The New Name.

(By Mary F. Butts, 'Wellspring.')

The family will go to the dogs for all that De Vere will do. They gave him too fine a name to begin with. Imagine! De Vere Boggs! Then they have coddled him and praised him, and made him think he is the finest kind of china, instead of just common crockery, till he is spoiled.'

While this talk was going on, a tall, slim, fair-haired boy was walking among the pines, along a path carpeted with fragrant brown needles, his face getting redder and redder every instant. He had not intended to play the eavesdropper. He was taking a short cut through the woods on his way to the minister's to recite his Latin lesson, when the first sentence of the above speech arrested his attention. He knew the speaker very well by her voice. Sweet ringing tones they were, albeit very crisp and decided. It was the minister's young daughter, May Ellsworth, who thus delivered herself to her friend, Miss Grannis.

De Vere's heart sank very low as he went on. Did the Ellsworths think so very badly of him? Had he given them reason for such an opinion?

De Vere Boggs! Yes, it did sound ridiculous. But was he to blame for his name? He wished that minute that he had been called Gunny Boggs and done with it. The family might go to the dogs, might they? Well, he had contemplated shirking the load and letting his mother and sister shoulder it that he might go on with his studies and 'be prepared to do good in the world.'

De Vere did not dream that the two girls had been aware of his vicinity and had been thrown into a state of consternation equal to his own.

'There goes De Vere Boggs this minute,' said Miss Grannis, catching sight of the boy's vanishing figure.

'Horrors!' exclaimed May Ellsworth. 'I wouldn't have had him hear me for anything. How conscious I shall be when I meet him!'

Mr. Boggs had failed in business and broken down in health. There was a small income remaining. The delicate mother and the energetic eldest daughter, Dorcas, were exerting themselves to the utmost to stretch it and piece it so that it might support the family of seven. These two had agreed that De Vere should go on with his work and 'fit himself for the ministry,' as had been intended since he was a child.

It came to De Vere there in the green solitude of the pines that there were many kinds of ministry. The words of the minister's daughter had shocked him into a new consciousness. He remembered with a sense of shame how worn his mother was looking; how much his sister had given up.

'And she's twice as bright as I am,' reflected De Vere. 'She's given up her music, and since we sent Bridget away she seems always to be drudging.'

De Vere went to the minister's, recited his Latin lesson, then went home full of a new purpose. He had come to a distinct resolve. A look of strength had come into his face, transforming it, so that his mother said when he appeared in the sitting-room, 'Why, how bright you look, my boy! Did you have a good lesson, and did Mr. Ellsworth praise you?'

'Mr. Ellsworth is always very kind,' replied De Vere, and then added:—

'I suppose you wouldn't be willing for me to give up my studies, mother?'

'DARNING ONE OF HIS FATHER'S SOCKS.'

'It would break my heart,' was the intense reply.

'But I can't bear to see you and Dorcas work so.'

'It is our duty and it must be done.'

'Mother, I want you to teach me how to darn the stockings and do the mending. You sat up till twelve o'clock last night over your workbasket. And I can do the ironing and bake the bread. I shall have time enough if I save the minutes and get up an hour earlier every morning.'

'Do you mean what you say, my boy?'

'I do. I want Dorcas to go on with her music and prepare herself to teach. She has had more than one crying spell about giving it up.'

De Vere kept to his resolution. He had been studying for the home ministry a month, 'ministering to the necessities of the saints,' as he said when one day, as they were all in the large, well-ordered kitchen, a gay voice called out:—

'I found the door open and came right in. Excuse me.'

'Come right along, Miss Ellsworth,' replied Mrs. Boggs. 'We are always glad to see you. Take a seat here by the window.'

De Vere looked up and bowed. He was seated by the table darning a big hole in one of his father's socks, his Latin reader braced against a pitcher in front of him.

'I called,' said Miss Ellsworth, 'to see if you would make an apron. We Endeavorers are going to have a bean supper Saturday night and an apron sale.'

Mrs. Bogg glanced at De Vere.

'I think I can get time to make an apron,' said the boy gravely, casting a look full of meaning in Miss Ellsworth's direction.

On the evening of the supper and sale there was a great outcry of praise over certain plates of baked beans and brown bread.

'I think De Vere Boggs cooked them,' said Miss Ellsworth from her place at a table full of young people. Then she told the story of De Vere's ministrations to his family.

'He is a regular sissy,' said the lawyer's son, sitting at her side.

Then the girl's eyes flashed. 'I think that he is as brave as Bruce of Scotland,' she replied. 'And anybody who makes fun of him is no friend of mine.'

A second time De Vere overheard what wasn't meant for his ears. He was on his way from the kitchen with a relay of beans when this little speech was made in Miss Ellsworth's more authoritative tones.

The upshot of the matter was that De Vere was soon importuned to fill orders for brown bread and beans, and later for bread and pies and cookies. An assistant was hired, and Mr. Bogg, little by little, slipped into the bakery harness. When it was time for De Vere to go to college a thriving business had been established. Dorcas went on with her music and by and by was able to get pupils who paid her well.

When De Vere started for his first term at Dartmouth, Dr. Ellsworth and his daughter went to the train to see him off.

'Are you still dissatisfied with my name?' asked De Vere, looking roguishly into the girl's face as she offered her hand in good-bye.

'I have given you a new name,' said the girl, blushing a little. 'I call you Hero now.'

Only a Milk-and-Water Baby.

[How prevalent the idea that alcohol gives strength is in Great Britain is strikingly shown in the following story in the 'Temperance Record.']

Such was the nickname that was given to little Jack Brown on his first day at boarding-school by one of his new schoolfellows, Rufus Bragg, which nickname was received with shouts of laughter by the boys, for Bragg was a boy with lots of pocket-money, very strong-looking with his round, jolly face, his broad shoulders, and his sturdy legs, and consequently just the sort of boy to be popular and thought much of, while the new boy, Brown, was small, rather thin, not rosy-faced at all, and had none of the go-ahead manner that often goes along with boys who are clever at their lessons and good hands at games.

The time when this remark was made was the hour after dinner, when the boys, instead of returning to lessons again, were allowed to run out into the play-ground and amuse themselves with the gymnasium, or the mast to climb up as high as they could; or if it was too hot a day for that, then to go into the cool garden shed or the stone cloisters, with their arched roof overhead, or down among the elder bushes at the far end of the playground, where, to the great delight of the boys, year after year, they

found a never-ending joy in a running brook, in which brook as all boys know, were to be found those creatures so dear to their hearts — tadpoles and newts, which once caught were instantly clapped into small bottles or pots, where through their dimmed transparent sides their wriggling movements and mysterious outlines were watched with an interest that could not have been stronger had these same innocent creatures been water-witches, mermaids, or sprites!

Now it happened that Bragg was very successful in catching these creatures, and also in exacting payment from the boys. Still, on the whole, Bragg was popular; he was always so merry, and said such funny things, drew such clever caricatures of the masters, and was up to all sorts of tricks.

And so to-day, with this new boy Brown, who, because he was new, and looked about in a strange sheepish sort of fashion, because it was all so fresh to him, Bragg found a malicious glee in holding him up to ridicule; and having found out at their dinner-time that Brown came from a home of teetotallers, wearing, in fact, 'the blue ribbon all those fools always did' (as he said with a jeer), he made the sneering remark with which this story begins, and in a very loud voice, so that Brown should hear, hoping that he would either sulk or cry or go into a passion and offer to fight with any boy who looked the biggest coward — as, of course, these 'milk-and-water sillies' never had any pluck, but bolted directly they met any fair match.

Brown, however, to their great disappointment, though he must have heard the jest at his expense, took no manner of notice of it, but ran off as fast as he could away down to that joy of joys, the stream under the trees, where he could see that already some of the boys had got out their fishing apparatus and were trying to catch whatever fish came to hand.

'Let's follow him,' said Bragg, rather taken aback at Brown's sudden movements, and also at his rapid flight down the playground, for he outstripped them easily, and though they were quite out of breath and very hot, for the day was a very sultry one, Brown was as cool as a cucumber, and eager in watching the sport, took no manner of notice of anything else.

Besides, something of unusual interest was on hand, viz., a water-rat, and a large one, too, which had just appeared from a hole in the bank and was swimming about apparently in great agitation, to find a place of refuge.

All the boys were up at once in pursuit, while Bragg, armed with a lot of big stones, was busy pelting the poor wretch, but never driving well enough to hit it, growing more and more excited in the chase, following it in and out over rough or muddy ground and over stumps of dead trees, till at last, losing his footing altogether and rolling over the bank, he managed to fall in, where, too, the water was deeper than it was lower down, though the channel it flowed through was wider.

Yes, there was poor Bragg, soused head and ears over in the water, half stunned and dizzy with the shock, both of the icy-cold water and the suddenness of the plunge, too bewildered to know what to do, too choked with the water he had swallowed to call out. A bad swimmer into the bargain. The boys, busy chasing the rat, did not clearly see at first what had happened, and there was poor Bragg, scrambling, and panting, blowing and tumbling, sometimes coming up on top of the water, sometimes hidden beneath, and without doubt soon to be drowned—for it does not take many moments for that catastrophe to take place.

One, however, among the boys, viz., Brown, did see what had happened, and took in all the danger of it; and without a moment's hesitation dragged off his coat, waistcoat, and boots (his cap was off already), and dashing down the bank, jumped into the stream. Fortunately he was a good swimmer, and had no fear whatever of cramp or taking cold. Besides, a moment of peril like that was not the moment Brown would ever have given to thinking of himself. All his thoughts were given to saving Bragg. Now this was no easy matter, for though there were no weeds, there were nasty sharp jutting rocks just in that particular part, and also holes, which, though not deep, were just deep enough to make it difficult to seize hold firmly of anyone. Bragg, too, was so exhausted with struggling that Brown, when he had fairly seized hold of him by his arm, and was about to swim back with him with the other, found it almost too much, when just as he was wondering what he must do, a stronger arm than his—that of the master, a tall man, more than six feet, strong, and quite an athlete at sports—seizing Bragg in his arms, carried him as easily as if he were a baby safe to shore, laying him down on the bank till he saw how Brown was getting on. Brown, very much to Mr. Brewster's amusement, was calmly standing, after the fashion of a merman (in trousers) on a rock in the middle of the stream, shaking the wet out of his clothes and hair, not a bit the worse for his adventure, thin, pale boy as he was.

Bragg, on the contrary, though not actually drowned, looked as white as a ghost, and shook like an aspen leaf, notwithstanding his robust form and his round rosy face.

'I'm not fond of giving brandy, especially to boys,' muttered Dr. Brewster to himself; 'but still, this is decidedly a case where it ought to be given; besides, the boy gets such things at his home, and then they can never get on without it in a fix like this.' So taking a tiny flask out of his pocket, one that would hold only about a dessert-spoonful, and which he carried with him in case of emergencies of this sort, he gave the boy a little, having first put some of the water out of the stream into it, laughing as he remarked to the boys who had gathered round 'that he mustn't save him from the water to kill him with the "poison" — for that was what pure alcohol was, whoever took it.'

Bragg, however, continued very ill for some time after, had to be carried home, put to bed in blankets, lie in bed the next day, and, in fact, several days after; indeed, he seemed sickening for a fever, though happily he did escape this, chiefly, no doubt, through the doctor's strict rule never to give anything in the shape of stimulants to boys and young people; and though Bragg was so ill that his parents were sent for to come and see him, and were almost rude to the doctor because he would not alter his plans, he did recover at last, and was able to come downstairs again, but not till a month after; while as to lessons, they had to be almost given up.

But what about Brown? How did he fare? For of course he got quite as wet and almost as exhausted; for dragging a drowning boy out of the water is worse, if anything, for exhausting one's strength, than is the being under water and half-drowned one's self.

Well, oddly enough, and greatly to the surprise of all the boys, who had been laughing at him before for his pale face and thin form, and also for his 'blue ribbon' badge, he was never ill at all—not even though he, too, sat on that rock in the middle of the stream for a good half-hour, till he felt sure his clothes were dry again in the hot sun, and till they had laid a long plank across for him to walk on without getting wet again. Neither was he in the least want of sympathy for headache, or cold, or rheumatism afterwards. 'Why should he?' he said with innocent surprise. It was drinking water always made him so strong, so little likely to catch cold. Indeed, he would have gone to his lessons just as usual that day and the day after, as far as health was concerned, only Dr. Brewster wouldn't let him, telling him he deserved a holiday for his pluck, and that he should have one, too.

So Brown, nothing loth, was driven by his master's wife in her little trap into the nearest town, where she had some shopping to do, and Brown was allowed to hold the pony, and as it was a skittish little creature, Brown was told on no account to flick its ears with the whip—which he would never have thought of doing, however, as he was quite the boy to be trusted.

It happened, however, to be the hour when the grammar school in the town broke up, and the boys, full of glee, as boys always are when first let loose — dashed out from school with many shouts and rough jostling of each other, both on the public stone path and the dusty road. The pony, of course, pricked up his ears at this row, not unnaturally looking forward to some mischief to himself, while he grew more and more restive, and, in spite of Brown's holding the reins as tightly as he could, and making the soothing noises which he had heard coachmen do in similar circumstances—this being his first adventure as a coachman himself—were all lost upon the restive creature, who, unable to keep down his terror, bolted off down the street.

Out dashed the master of the shop where Mrs. Brewster was, out dashed everybody down the street, but all too late to stop the pony in his wild career, while everybody shouted to Brown to keep as still as he could and not try to jump out.

Mrs. Brewster was half beside herself with alarm, and so was Mr. Draper, not only at what had happened, but at what was sure to happen later on; 'for,' said the man, 'he's sure to be a poor, chicken-hearted fellow, just like all those "blue-ribbonites" always are'—not stopping to hear what Mrs. Brewster had to tell about his conduct only the day before, but taking himself slowly down the street just to watch the course of events, and not bestirring himself one little bit to help, beyond looking out down the road, as he did for a good quarter of an hour or more.

'It's no good helping those milk-and-water fools ever! I saw his bit of blue ribbon,' he said, with an air of great contempt. 'What pluck can they have on such a paltry drink? Ha! here they come,' he cried, as he saw a large crowd turning the corner of the winding road out of the town. 'No doubt carrying the poor boy back lamed for life, if not dead! Dear me! dear me! Well, if folks will be such fools, what can you expect——'

Coming to a dead stop of surprise, however, as now he could clearly see what the crowd was—that boy, that "milk-and-water fool," carried aloft in triumph on laboring men's shoulders, while all the boys of the grammar school and all the boys of the board school were shouting 'hurrahs' till their voices seemed as though they must crack with the noise, while a little distance behind came the chaise, uninjured, followed by the pony, who seemed none the worse for his escapade.

'A real plucky little fellow, that!' said the squire as he wished Mr. Draper 'good-day.' 'I saw it all,' he said. 'I was in my home paddock myself, looking over the hedge, when I saw the thing dash by; and, thinks I, a pretty close shave you'll have, my boy, if you get through my gate all safe — for luckily it happened to stand open. But there, he did it, and a master stroke it was.'

But here further talk was stopped by the noise of the shouting crowd, and there was Brown, the hero of the hour, pleased and happy, as well he might be, and smiling to himself at the unwonted honors he was receiving, not a bit puffed up, quite unconscious, indeed, that he had done anything at all out of the way.

Now the squire, as it happened, was a bit of a cynic, which means he distrusted people — thought they were all cheats and humbugs!

So, thought he, I daresay this young chap is just the same; I'll just walk on and hear what he has to say for himself, and if he don't happen to speak to anyone I can pretty soon take his measure.'

Consequently he was not a little surprised, on reaching the place where Brown, having been let down from the boys' shoulders, was again on terra firma, to see the boy looking fairly bewildered at all the fuss being made with him, and was doing all he could to get away from them and hide his head among Mr. Draper's goods; but they had blocked up the way and would not let him pass. Seeing, however, that he was fairly in for it, he determined to try what poking fun at them would do.

'I say, boys, I hate all this row, for I'm only a poor milk-and-water silly, don't you know, and can't stand much of anything, particularly making me out so clever, when I've done nothing at all, except sitting still in the chaise and holding in the pony's head tight. Didn't I pull him, though ? My wrist's quite stiff.' Then, watching his opportunity, he made a dart into the shop door behind him and was safe with Mrs. Brewster again, who fairly hugged him with delight.

'Only—only—holding in the pony's head!' cried the squire. 'Why, that was all the battle. And all on the blue ribbon. It strikes me that we should all be the better for more of that and less of—of—' The squire paused, for he was not a man noted for his eloquence, whatever other merits he might have had. 'Well, what makes the nose blue?—alcohol!'

So you see, the 'milk-and-water' silly may be said to have won the 'colors,' and, indeed, no one ever again was heard laughing at little Brown for being a blue-ribboner. On the contrary, from that day a reformation began in the school, and master and boys, if not pledged teetotalers, are trying to do without beer and wine, and acknowledge that they are quite as well without it; in fact, better, and all through 'the milk-and-water silly,' Brown.

Faithful Unto Death.

During the China and Japan war, a marine on board the 'Itsukushina' was ordered to stand as sentry at the entrance of the powder magazine. During the hottest part of the engagement, the ship was so steered that the shots of the enemy's small guns went in that direction. Seeing this, the sentry endeavored to cover the whole doorway of the magazine with his body, and by so doing not a bullet reached the interior of the magazine. When the relief guard was sent to him he was dead, for not less than thirty-six bullets had struck him.—'Japan Weekly Mail.'

A Race in the Chute.

(By James Buckham, in the 'Congregationalist.')

Baptiste Laplant, returning on snowshoes to the lumbering camp late one January night, was startled and terrified, on coming under a leafless ash tree, to see the shadow of a doubled-up human figure thrown by the moonlight on the snow amid the tracery of bare branches. Baptiste was big and brave, but he had all the superstition and dread of the supernatural pecular to his race and class; and when he saw that human shadow falling from above him on the snow he dropped the sack of camp supplies he was carrying on his shoulder and uttered a sharp cry of alarm. But a trembling, boyish voice above him put an end to his terror and caused him to look up in amaze.

'O, Baptiste, it is only I! As I came out to look at my rabbit-snares I thought I heard the wolves howling, and it frightened me so I climbed this tree, and in coming down I slipped and caught on this sharp stub.'

Baptiste Laplant put his hands on his great hips and laughed long and loud, but not unkindly. There was nothing but pure amusement in his voice as he looked up and saw that odd child, the cook's assistant, pierced through the seat of his trousers by a relentless stub and hung up by the middle, with feet and shoulders dangling.

'Baptiste, please help me down!' pleaded the boy. 'I have tried a long time to pull loose and am getting faint and dizzy.'

'Poor child! I will laugh no more,' cried Baptiste. He sprang to the tree, grasped its trunk in his bear-like hug, and soon, panting and grunting, got astride of the limb from which the unfortunate boy was suspended, lifted him by main strength from the stub and set him upon his own broad lap for a minute to recover his swimming senses. Almost unconsciously the lad's arms went around the big woodsman's neck and Baptiste made no effort to remove them.

'I am glad it was you who found me, Baptiste,' whispered the boy. 'You are so kind—the kindest of them all. The others would never have stopped laughing at me, and perhaps would have left me hanging here all night for a joke.'

'Poor child!' said Baptiste again. His big heart was touched by the boy's words and his clinging gratitude. 'I no tell de odders,' he added, magnanimously and unselfishly, for Baptiste loved a laugh and a joke was dear to his heart. My ol' hooman sew up you' pant an' nobody know any-t'ing about it—hein ?'

'O, thank you, thank you, Baptiste!' cried the boy, greatly relieved, for he dreaded the rude, continuous hectoring of the men should they hear of his mishap and what led to it. 'If I can ever do anything for you, Baptiste, I will do it if it kills me!'

Baptiste laughed good-humoredly. The idea of this boy doing anything for him amused him exceedingly—this boy who would climb a tree in a tremble of fear if he imagined he heard a wolf howl miles away in the forest. But the lad's gentleness and affectionate manner were something new and grateful to the big, rough Canadian. In his secret heart he hoped that his baby boy would grow up with this same tender, loving, clinging disposition, although he would wish him to be braver and less like a girl.

From the hour when Madame Laplant—less graciously known in the lumbering camp by Baptiste's own pet name of 'the old woman'—sewed up the rent in his trousers and added a motherly kiss into the bargain, Benny Brown, the cook's chore-boy, was a frequent and welcome visitor at the little log 'shack' where Baptiste and his family lived, apart from the rest of the lumbering gang. Benny and the toddling baby boy became the greatest of friends, and the red-capped little Canadian might be seen riding pick-a-back on the shoulders of his larger playmate at all hours of the day when the latter was off duty. It was a great relief to Madame Laplant to have some one whom she could trust with the care of her child at odd times, and she felt, too, that Benny's sweet, kindly, truthful character exercised a good influence over the boy. Privately she assured her husband that Benny must have come of some high-bred family, he was so different from the rough boys one usually meets in the woods, but how he ever drifted to that lumbering camp in the heart of the Maine wilderness she could not imagine.

It was in February that the great snowstorm fell, piling drifts ten feet high even in the narrow clearings in the woods. For three or four days the lumbermen were almost housebound. Finally they managed to clear a path to 'the chopping,' and the work of cutting and hauling logs to the big chute was resumed. The 'chute' was a big trough of planks laid on heavy scaffolding from the lumber camp down the mountain side to the valley below. Instead of hauling logs to the river on sleds they were hoisted into this chute and sent spinning and roaring down the mountain side like great arrows down in a groove. By constant friction the inside of the chute had become worn as smooth as glass, and whenever any part of it needed repairing the men who crawled into it had to exercise the utmost care not to lose their grip and begin to slip, lest they should be hurled helplessly down the steep slope.

At the lumber camp a double flight of broad steps led up to the discharging platform of the chute. How it happened nobody could exactly tell, but one day, soon after the great snowstorm, the little red-capped Canadian boy, while his mother was busily engaged about some household duty, managed to slip away, climb the stairs to the chute and crawl astride of a log resting in the neck of the big trough, all ready to be discharged. The horrified Benny, coming out of the cook's quarters on some errand, saw his little playmate hitching along the log and vainly endeavoring to start it on its trip down the mountain. The child had evidently been imagining what a magnificent coast it would be if he could only ride down hill on one of those fast-flying logs! While Benny, struck dumb and helpless with horror, stood watching him, the little fellow reached the end of the log, turned, hung his feet over into the chute and began to pull at the log! With a wild cry of warning and distress Benny flew to the stairs and sprang, two steps at a time, to the platform above. But alas! too late. Just as he reached the platform the boy slipped in the polished trough, lost his hold on the log and began to slide, screaming, down the incline.

In the space of a second every possible method of rescue flashed across Benny's mind. He saw that only one thing offered a possibility of saving his little friend—to overtake the child in the chute and throw him over into the deep-lying snow outside. And to accomplish this almost miraculous feat he must have the assistance of some body heavier than his own, whose greater momentum would enable him to overtake the flying little figure in the chute. The log—there was no other way. Instantly the boy struck off the hooks that held the great stick of timber, sprang astride of it

and felt the sickening sensation of plunging down into the chute. But he resisted the terrible feeling of faintness that at first assailed him, and as the log went dashing down the trough crawled forward on his belly till his head hung over the forward end of the timber, clutched the rough bark and waited.

In less than a minute's time—though it seemed to him an age — the increasing velocity of the log brought the glimmer of the little red cap within his limited range of vision. A minute more, and he was close upon it. Now for all his strength and skill and courage! Stretching out both hands, he clutched the little figure, and, unmindful of his own great peril, raised it and flung it with a convulsive effort over the edge of the chute. The effort almost threw him from the log, but by a quick motion he saved himself, and clung, gasping, to the rough edges of bark. Then, cautiously raising himself to his knees, blinded now by the terrific speed of the log, and scarcely able to catch his breath in the fierce rush of air, he gave a mighty sideward spring, raising and throwing himself outward on his arms, as one who vaults a fence. He felt that he had cleared the edge of the chute, and knew that he was falling. But there consciousness was blotted out, and he knew no more until dug out of the snow, twenty minutes later, by the sturdy arms of Baptiste.

'You save my boy! you save my boy!' cried the big woodsman, with tears pouring down his cheeks, as Benny's eyelids trembled and opened for a moment to the blue sky and the blessed sense of life and safety. 'O t'ank God! t'ank God! My boy safe, an' you safe too. It was wonderful, wonderful!'

'I would have died for you or little Calixte, Baptiste!' murmured the boy. 'I am not brave always. It was only love that made me so'

'Only love?' cried the big, rough Canadian, for once in his life rising to the level of a philosopher. 'You have love, you have everyt'ing!'

'Five Minutes to Five.'

'Plaze, mem, can you lend us a bit of sugar? Mother will git some when she's done her work to-night.'

Mrs. Hill looked up from her writing in a tired, half-dazed way. She was doing some troublesome bookkeeping and striving to amuse a pretty, three-year-old child sitting at her feet, playing hide-and-seek in the folds of her skirt. It was hard work, these school accounts, even with no distracting calls upon her attention; but it seemed impossible to gain any headway with little Jim perpetually shaking her elbow and calling her to look, just when she thought the error discovered in old Mr. Hazle's account.

'Yes, Katty; come in. Jim, Jim, you dear little torment, let mamma write!'

'Plaze, can't Miss Ellen fetch the bit of sugar widout troublin' of you, mem?' asked Katty, dropping on her knees that little Jim might climb on her back.

'Ellen is going to a meeting of church workers,' replied Mrs. Hill with a sigh, as she filled the sugar-bowl.

'Of course you are going, Katty. We will have a splendid time,' quickly added Ellen, who was mending a glove, altogether undisturbed by the baby or school accounts.

'Sure the mother is nigh crazy wid work, Miss Ellen, an' can ill spare me, though I'd loik to go. Do you think it'll be clane done wid at five minutes to five?'

'Oh, I'm sure of it, and all our Sunday-school class will be there; besides, Mrs. Brent likes a crowd.'

'Jim will be lonesome like widout you — the darlin't! Thank ye, mem, fur the sugar'; and, despite baby's cry of disappointment Katty ran off down the lane, home.

'Ellen, do amuse the baby. I must make up my accounts this evening. The school is our living, and Mr. Hazle sends four children, somehow I can't get his account right. Two English grammars and a copybook for May; no, that makes a dollar too much. But I did get the books, they are on my bill'—

'Mamma p'ay wif baby; Ellie no p'ay wif Jim.'

The soft baby arms stole around mamma's neck, the curly head nestled on mamma's shoulder.

'I really can't amuse him when I have to dress for the meeting,' Ellen said in a remonstrant tone. 'The baby is big enough to take care of himself; he is getting spoiled.'

'Ellen, the baby can no more take care of himself than you could at his age,' indignantly retorted her mother; 'besides, I don't see how I can spare you. Mr. Hazle is my best patron, and he will never forgive an overcharge.'

'Oh, mamma!' Ellen cried out, 'it is almost unchristian of you to want me to miss the meeting just for little Jim, when I have promised to be back early, too.'

'Well, well, I suppose you must go!' Mrs. Hill said with a patient, troubled smile; 'but don't forget that I depend upon you to be here by five minutes to five.'

Ellen made no reply. She was particularly anxious to attend this meeting. Several strangers would be there—Vassar girls, who dressed well, and were to stay four weeks with Mrs. Brent. She never thought of baby Jim, lonesome and companionless, only comforted by mamma's hand stealing down to stroke his curls—poor little Jim! A sweet, lovable maiden, pretty and smiling, was Ellen, when she came downstairs in her new blue muslin and white hat. Mrs. Hill glanced up from her school accounts and the elusive error in the Hazle bill.

'You look very nice, my dear; but I wish you were not going. Don't forget, five minutes to five,' she reiterated; 'be here without fail.'

'I won't fail; you may be sure of that,' Ellen assured her, as she shut the gate.

The pleasant breeze and lazy whir of the beetles seemed so delightful that she really wished her mother was not so hard-worked, and that little Jim had someone to play with him. Then she thought of Katty, and turned down the lane leading to the ugly cabin close to the railway, where the Brien family lived. She felt great satisfaction in thinking how pleased Mrs. Brent would be when, in her beautiful blue muslin dress, she triumphantly convoyed Katty, arrayed in her faded calico, into the handsome drawing-room.

Katty answered her knock from the top of the back-yard fence. Social observances were altogether unique with Katty. She received her guests informally wherever she might be, on a cinder pile, or in the pigpen, or on the fence scaring robins away from the cherries with the flourish of an old apron as at present.

'Sure I can't go, Miss Ellen. It's noice to go, but I'm after stayin' at home this time, I am,' she said, tying the old apron over her head to ward off the sun.

'But, Katty, I've come for you to walk up with me,' magnanimously insisted Ellen; 'you belong to our class in Sunday-school, and this is such important Christian work. We are to try and buy a library for a small Sunday-school just started out in the mountains, where the people never had a church. You must do your part. It is very wrong of you to stay at home.'

'I am not sayin' it isn't, Miss Ellen—shu! shu! there, you vilyan'; this was to an ill-mannered bird taking advantage of the presence of a visitor to snatch a ripe cherry—'I'd be glad enough to go. It's a dale noicer than stoppin' at home, wid Mrs. Brent so pleasant-spoken and a grand cup of tay into the bargain, but I'm not sure of gettin' home

by five minutes to five, and I wouldn't miss bein' here then fur a washbiler full of tay.'

To this the Irish girl adhered inflexibly, although Ellen used every argument to enlighten her as to the imperative duty of attending the meeting.

'You are very wicked, Katty,' she concluded, rather irritably, 'to stay just for nothing. Your mother would make you go if she knew I was here.'

'And hev her washin' wid all her hands, and me not here maybe, at five minutes to five. It's mighty fine to go fur them es has nothin' to do at home,' retorted Katty, who had a tongue of her own that could hold its right of way against very vigorous opposition.

Ellen felt that her entrance to Mrs. Brent's rather crowded parlors was less noticeable than if she had brought Katty, but Mrs. Brent smiled in evident admiration when she told of her effort.

'So sweet of you, dear girl! to go there this evening. Don't give her up. The girl is wild, and frightfully ignorant, but she has a good face. Watch her—don't mind a few disappointments,' she said with such confident approval that Ellen took heart again. Then the hostess introduced her to the Vassar girls, and told them what a bright example of earnest work and energy she set all of us, old and young. We call her, 'our little missionary,' supplemented Mrs. Brent.

The young ladies from Vassar admired earnest work in whatever form it might be found, consequently they were interested at once and made much of Ellen. They told her all about college, their ways, studies, and pleasures, and made her promise to entreat her mother to send her to Vassar 'some day.' It was well they put it in such general terms, for Ellen knew that when the day for sending her to college arrived, if ever it did, the very narrow purse at home must have miraculously expanded. After the meeting the Vassar girls invited her to join them in a ramble through the meadows beyond the village to gather wild flowers. Altogether, in spite of the heat, it was a delightful afternoon. Ellen felt thoroughly happy as she walked homeward. Her pleasure had but one flaw — Katty. The responsibility of Katty seemed in a measure shifted upon her, perhaps because the Brien cabin was only a short distance, by the lane, from Mrs. Hill's. The cabin humbly crouched on the side of the railway, while the Hill cottage nestled in a pretty garden on the highway. She remembered Katty's indignant retort flung after her as she left the Brien door, or rather, back fence, and feared the Irish girl might become lukewarm and drop out of the Sunday-school. Ellen determined to walk around on her way home and see Katty. She took out her tiny silver watch, a Christmas gift from her uncle, and looked at the time. It was five minutes to five.

'It don't matter. I can get home by five minutes after five. Ten minutes is nothing. It is punctual enough to get there only ten minutes late,' she reflected, then walked a trifle more briskly toward the Briens'.

It would restore Katty's good humor to have so much notice taken of her by the ladies, thought Ellen. She would tell her how Mrs. Brent had asked for her, and what a nice time she might have had, with a cup of tea and cakes and sandwiches.

So Ellen left the pleasant road, with its shading poplars, and took the path by the railway just as Katty's piercing tones called in the flock of Briens, a baker's dozen of them, running from far and near as their names were shrieked, with a hastening threat added thereto, as, 'You Tim and Biddy, I'll kill your white chicken if you don't run faster. You Pat, I've got your pup by the neck; he'll be choked if you're not here in two minutes.'

Ellen could see the gleaming rails of the track as far as the great bend. She wondered what the white speck in the middle of the track could be. The Brien children were diverting themselves in a mud puddle which overflowed its banks on wash day. Their shouts of laughter reached Ellen, and yet one of them must have been deaf to the call of its name, for now plainly the white speck shaped itself into the form of a child—one of the smallest of the brood—sitting in the middle of the track, some distance below the cabin. The little mite of humanity seemed to be playing with the cinders.

'Neglectful wretches! Why don't they go after that baby? They know the express will pass at five!' Ellen cried in involuntary alarm at the peril of the child, and remembered in a swift flash of satisfaction that at five minutes to five her mother always hunted up little Jim to assure herself that, with the perversity of infant ambition, he had not slipped through the gate and raced as fast as his tiny, restless feet could carry him to the railway.

What were the Briens doing that they did not see after their young one?'

Just then a thin, prolonged curl of smoke far down the line floated above the trees. Ellen gave a cry of terror. It was the express sweeping around the bend, a mile away, and still no one noticed the baby playing on the railway. Ellen was speeding breathlessly, but withal she knew she could never reach the child in time. The boisterous voices of the Brien children abruptly broke off in a frightened hush, for Katty ran out, looked down the track, and darted off in a wild rush toward the child. The whistle was screaming its shrill warning. The engineer had seen the little one tossing cinders and laughing gleefully while the express thundered along the sunlit rails. Ellen's face whitened at the sight. She closed her eyes and leaned against the Brien fence, too faint and weak to go on. She could not bear to see them killed—the brave Irish girl flying to the rescue and the innocent child.

A simultaneous shriek and cessation of the noise of the train told her the catastrophe had come. The passengers crowded out of the train and about what seemed to be a heap of mingled red cotton and white lying beside the track. The ladies bathed Katty's unconscious face and chafed the limp hands; then she was carried back to the cabin far more dead than alive. Some one was bringing the baby. It was not killed they said. The girl—the agile, daring girl—had snatched it almost from under the engine, so close, so perilously close, that the engine, even at slackened speed, struck her before she could escape. The train steamed away with its excited passengers. Ellen never knew how it all came about, for it seemed like a nightmare dream. She heard the agitated tones mingling with the moans of the injured girl. She heard her mother's voice nervously weeping and talking, while the wail of the child as they brought him in smote her ear with a tone so frightfully familiar that it stunned Ellen. She seemed to feel the engine rumbling overhead, for she knew then it was not the Brien child, but Jim—their own little Jim—whom Katty had snatched from under the driving-wheels. Dear little Jim it was, with his baby hands and baby face still besmirched with cinders, while tears of fright made grooves through the grime and blood of the scratches on his soft cheek.

In the long weeks when Ellen sat by Katty's bedside, tenderly nursing the girl through her suffering, she seemed to hear over and over, in the still hours of the night watch, a certain fragment of the talk while they had waited for the doctor to say whether Katty would live or die.

'My Katty stayed home this noon because I was 'most crazy wid work and couldn't call in the childer at five minutes to five, before the express went by,' said Katty's mother.

'I was giving a music lesson, and Mr. Hazle was waiting for his bill. I—I expected some one, but she didn't come in time to save little Jim,' evasively and plaintively explained Ellen's mother.

'But phwat, mem,' demanded the Irishwoman, 'was Miss Ellen a-doin' at five minutes to five?'—Louisa O. Swan, in 'The Classmate.'

Correspondence

Franktown, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have five pet goslings and a pet sheep. We call her Molly, and she comes running when she sees us anywhere. There was a Sunday-school meeting on the fifteenth of May. I was at it, and it was very nice. We are very busy now with the crop. My little baby sister is very old-fashioned now. She will pull our hair if we let her. I have a little brother, He is three years old. He has a dog. He calls him Rover. When my brother gets a rope the dog runs after him. It is very pleasant to see them. I was born on the tenth line of Beckwith, on June 29, in the year 1883. The rabbits come very often into the garden and we have a good chase after them with Rover. Papa was not well or strong all summer, and he made us a nice hammock in the grove of trees near the house. The raspberries will soon be ripe, and we will have a very pleasant time picking them. I have only missed one Sunday this year. I am in the bible class. I like it very well. Yours truly,

ELEANOR,
Aged fifteen.

St. Thomas, North Dakota.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and I enjoy reading it very much, especially the correspondence. Not long ago, I visited Niagara Falls. I will try to describe my journey. I started from St. Thomas, took the Great Northern Railway to Fargo, there I stayed over night and in the morning I took the N. P. for Duluth, then I had to go by a steamer called the 'Empire,' on the Beety Line, to Sarnia, from there to London, then on the N. P. to Hamilton. I then took the Grand Trunk to Niagara. It was about noon. After dinner I went down to the falls with a friend. Niagara falls is one of the most striking natural wonders of the World. Above the falls the river is divided by Goat Island, forming the Horseshoe falls. On each side there is a high wall about one hundred and fifty-eight feet. The height of the American falls is about one hundred and sixty-seven feet. Below the cataract the river is very deep and narrow, being from one hundred to three hundred yards in width, and flows between perpendicular rocks, about two hundred and fifty feet high, into a gorge, which is crossed by several suspension bridges. Then there is a great high wall to protect one from falling. If we turn our eye to the right we see the high, rocky banks, between which is the dark green river. It has a very broken surface with white foam on the top. Below lies a rainbow, bright as ever was seen in the sky. With one end resting on the snowy vapor it circles round to the mossy old rocks as though uniting in a bridal tie, the wayward, impetuous falls with staid Earth. At the head of the falls are several islands. Goat Island is the most beautiful. There is a boat called 'The Maid of the Mist,' that goes down the river, people can get on it and go underneath the falls. Your loving fourteen year old friend,

C. P.

Kensington, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Let every one of us hope and pray that the temperance banner will soon float over Canada,

JOHN.

Ingersoll.

Dear Editor,—I live in the pretty town of Ingersoll which is situated on the Thames River in North Oxford. We have taken the 'Messenger' for some time, and I like the correspondence page the best. I have two brothers living in New York, and a sister in Kansas City, besides others at home. I have tried the entrance examination some weeks ago, but I do not know the result. I attend the Junior Christian Endeavor and I sometimes lead the meeting. Wishing you great success with your paper, I remain your faithful reader,

EVA,
Fifteen years.

Forgiveness.

'When a red rose drooping to the ground,
With delicate beauty flushed,
By a careless foot, at eventide,
Was trampled on and crushed.
Christ-like, the injured flower returned
No thorn-prick for the blow;
But gave instead a sweet perfume
To him who laid it low.'

Nita and the Starfish.

What has Nita found now? This is her first summer at the seaside, and with her little pail and spade she runs out on the sands as the tide goes out and brings home some

very strange things. Sometimes it is some dark green sea-weed that crackles as she treads on it, sometimes a lively crab; but to-day she has found a queer creature that seems too large to put into the pail.

'What is it, mother?' she asks as she runs over to her mother.

When Nita found it it looked just like a great yellow star. Mother told her that its name had been taken from its shape, and that it was called a 'star-fish.' She then showed her where to find its mouth. Mother showed her also its little red eyes at the end of each ray, and told her that it lived on small fish and shellfish, the shells of which it cast out of its mouth again.—'Our Little Dots.'

The Whole Truth.

(By Mary P. Pressly, in 'Herald and Presbyter.')

'The grocer gave me the eggs, and, as I was coming home, a dog jumped on the basket and threw them down and broke some ten of them.'

So said Gracie Adams, as she stood before her mother with two instead of a dozen eggs in her basket.

'I am sorry, dear; but never mind, it was not your fault. Now go out and play,' was the reply.

'Yes,' said Gracie wearily opening the door.

She went out and sat down under a large tree. 'It was true,' she told herself fiercely. 'The dog did jump on the basket and knock it down.'

'But,' whispered conscience, 'why didn't you tell your mamma that you left the basket on the sidewalk while you went to see Jessie Williams' doves?'

'Oh, well, that makes no difference,' cried Grace, crossly.

'Yes it does,' said conscience. 'You know well enough that your mamma does not like to have you stop anywhere when you go errands.'

'I don't care, anyway,' snapped Gracie. 'I am going for a ride.'

She went in to ask permission, and then to the barn, where she scolded so at the delay caused by a broken bridle that Tom, the man-of-all-work, stared in wonder at the usually mild little girl.

Her ride was not pleasant. She stopped to ask Lyle Brown to go with her, but Lyle was practising. Then Helen Hande was sick, and must not be disturbed. So she had to go alone. The pony was troubled with flies, and pranced so Grace could hardly keep her seat. She soon turned homeward, but, as she cantered up the avenue, she started, for there stood Jessie Williams talking to her mother.

'I am not afraid,' she said to herself. 'I don't care if Jessie is mean enough to go and tattle.'

'She will not tattle,' said the still small voice which Grace tried to hush. 'If your mamma asks her, she will probably tell what she knows; but that will not be tattling.'

'I am going up to where she is, anyway,' said Grace.

She struck the pony sharply with her whip, and hurried forward. As she came near she heard her mother say: 'There comes Grace and her pony, now. Can't you stay and play with her?'

'Oh! thank you, Mrs. Adams,' came Jessie's voice; 'but mamma wishes me to come home at once to have a dress fitted.'

Jessie came down the avenue toward Grace, and paused as if she would speak. Grace slowed the pony down to a walk.

'I brought your mother some

roses from Lillian's new bush; she is so fond of them, you know.'

'You are very kind,' said Grace, stiffly, without pausing.

When she reached the house her mother said: 'Grace, dear, I supposed you and Jessie would have had a long chat when you met.'

'Oh, mamma, I didn't feel like talking this afternoon,' replied Grace.

'Very well, dear. Now go into the house and dress for tea.'

'Yes, mamma,' said the little girl, with a sigh.

At tea Brother Jack looked over at her and asked: 'Grace, have you seen Jessie William's new doves? Her brother Will, was showing 'em to me.'

'Jack, you're the meanest boy I ever saw,' snapped Grace.

Jack, who had asked the question kindly, started in surprise, then turned his attention to his plate.

Aferward, Grace went into the parlor, where she sat down at the piano, but it seemed out of tune. She was drumming idly when the door opened and her mother entered.

'Grace,' she said, 'I want you to apologise to Jack for the way you spoke to him, and also to answer his question civilly. He is on the front piazza.'

'But, mamma,' began Grace, tearfully.

'Go on, Grace,' said her mother, sternly. 'I cannot understand this rudeness from you.'

Grace slowly rose, and went out to the piazza. Jack lay in a hammock reading.

'Jack,' said Grace, slowly, 'will you please excuse the way I spoke to you at tea?'

'All right,' answered Jack, engrossed with the story.

'And I saw the doves, Jack.'

Grace went and sat down on the steps. She felt better, but still there was a weight at her heart.

She soon went into her room, where, after a little, her mother came and sat down, drawing her to her side.

'My dear,' she said, 'are you well to-day?'

'Yes, mamma,' said Grace, hanging her head.

'What is it, then, dear? Something is troubling you.'

'O mamma! I told you a dog broke the eggs, but I did not say that I went to see Jessie's doves, and left the basket on the sidewalk when I knew her puppy was in the yard; and I have felt wicked all day. Mamma, dear, won't you forgive me?' sobbed Grace.

'Indeed I will, dear,' was the reply. 'And now ask Jesus to forgive you, too.'

Grace dropped on her knees, and, when she arose, her face was bright and happy.

'O mamma,' she exclaimed, 'I feel so good now, and I don't think I'll ever keep back a part of the truth again.'

What Annie Found.

'Oh, Bertie!' said Annie, as she came running in from the garden, 'what do you think I have found?'

'I can't think at all,' said Bertie; 'do tell me.'

'Well, then, look at this!' and

ANNIE SAT ON A CHAIR TO THINK.

Annie took out of her pinafore a bird's nest with some pretty little eggs in it.

'PERHAPS THE POOR BIRD IS LOOKING FOR IT NOW, SAID BERTIE.

'It is very pretty,' said Bertie; 'but it is not yours, you know, Annie.'

'I found it in the bush at the bottom of the garden,' said Annie; 'and I'm going to keep it.'

'But you didn't make it,' said Bertie. 'It is the bird's nest, not yours. It is stealing to take what is not your own. Perhaps the poor bird is looking for it now.'

Annie sat down on a chair to think. She said to herself: 'Perhaps I ought to put it back; I will go and do it now.'

And Annie felt much happier than she would have done if she had kept it.—'Our Little Dots.'

The Doll That Talked.

'Dorothy Ann, are you sleepy?' asked Dollikins. Dorothy Ann did not answer, but went on smiling with her red wax lips. Dollikins gave her a little shake. 'Dear me!' she said, 'I do wish you could talk! I am so tired of having a doll that never answers, no matter how much I say to her. It is very stupid of you, Dorothy Ann. There, go to sleep!'

Dollikins turned her back on Dorothy Ann, and went to sleep herself. Then she began to dream. She thought Dorothy Ann sat up straight in her crib, and opened her blue eyes wide.

'Mamma!' she said.

'Oh, you can talk!' cried Dollikins, joyfully.

'Mamma, my pillow is not at all soft,' said Dorothy Ann, in a complaining voice. 'And you forgot to take off my shoes.'

'I am sorry,' said Dollikins.

'And I didn't have anything but mashed potato for my dinner!' cried Dorothy Ann. 'I don't like mashed potato. Why don't I have things that I like, mamma?'

Dollikins's cheeks grew quite red. She remembered saying something very like this at luncheon the day before.

'I am not a bit sleepy!' wailed Dorothy Ann. 'Why do I have to go to bed at seven o'clock, mamma? Other little girls don't have to, I wish—'

'Dorothy Ann,' said Dollikins, 'will you please not talk any more. It makes my head ache!'

Then it was very still.

In the morning Dollikins went over and took up Dorothy Ann, and looked at her. The red lips were smiling as ever, but tight shut.

'Good morning, Dorothy Ann,' said Dollikins. 'I am very glad you do not know how to talk, my dear; for then you might be a sore trial to your mother!'—Margaret Johnson, in 'Babyland.'

Catechism for Little Water-Drinkers.

RESPONSIVE EXERCISES.

(Julia Colman, in National Temperance Society, New York.)

NUMBER I. — WATERING THE EARTH.

1. God giveth rain upon the earth,
And sendeth waters upon the fields.
2. He maketh small the drops of water,
They pour down rain according to the vapor thereof.
3. The waters stood above the mountains,
At thy rebuke they fled;
4. At the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.
They go up by the mountains.
5. They go down by the valleys.
He sendeth the springs into the valleys.
6. They run among the hills.
They give drink to every beast of the field.
7. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,
And herb for the service of man.
8. The trees of the Lord are full of sap,
Where the birds make their nests.
9. By them shall the fowls of heaven have their habitation.
Which sing among their branches.
All.—O Lord, how manifold are thy works!
In wisdom hast Thou made them all.
The earth is full of Thy glory.

Scientific Temperance Teaching.

LESSON XXI.—THE APPETITE FOR ALCOHOL.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

1. What is appetite?

Appetite is the desire and enjoyment of the food and drink necessary to build up the body.

2. For what kind of food and drink do we have a natural appetite?

For milk, for bread and fruits, for meats and for water.

3. Why for those things?

Because they contain everything useful to make the body grow and keep it in repair.

4. Do people ever have an appetite for things that do them harm?

Not naturally, but we can make an appetite for almost anything, even for deadly poisons like alcohol.

5. Why do you call alcohol a poison?

Because it injures and kills those who take it.

6. But people who take wine and whiskey sometimes live many years?

Yes. Alcohol is a slow poison, and in the quantities in which it is taken, does not kill people at once. But it makes them diseased, and shortens their lives many years.

7. Is there any proof of this?

Yes; companies that insure people's lives have studied this matter very carefully, and have made lists showing how long drinking people live and how long sober people live.

8. And what have they found?

That people who never drink live much longer than those who drink even a little.

9. But cannot people safely drink a glass or two of beer or wine each day?

No, they cannot safely drink at all; because a little alcohol does harm to the delicate machinery of their bodies.

10. Is there any other reason?

Yes; the habit of drinking is sure to form, and the person who begins by drinking a little will likely end a drunkard.

11. Why is this?

Because it is the nature of a little alcohol to create an appetite for more.

12. Cannot a person's will prevent this?

Not any more than a person can prevent soda and oil making soap when they are put together.

13. What is the reason these things follow?

Because it is the nature of the things put together to make certain other things; and nobody's will can stop the work of nature.

14. Then is a bright boy or a pretty girl in danger of becoming a drunkard by drinking wine or cider?

Yes; in just the same danger as any other boy or girl.

15. What is the only safe way, then?'

Never to drink a drop of anything which contains alcohol.

Hints to Teachers.

It is very important that the children should understand from the outset the inexorable law of nature as regards alcohol. Every bright boy that has filled the grave of an inebriate began with the impression that he could control his appetite; that he was not so foolish as to be betrayed into danger. When the children know that always a little alcohol produces an appetite for itself, and at the same time weakens the will, regardless of the intellectual power or social standing of the drinker, a great point will have been gained. The lesson cannot be too forcibly taught.

A Destructive Vice.

Of the many destructive vices common in our land, none is more dangerous and deadly than that of cigarette smoking. Take, for instance, a boy of fourteen, seen the other day in one of our smaller cities. He had a shambling figure, with a weak, unwholesome, cadaverous face, the corners of the mouth stained with tobacco juice, the hat on one side, hands in pockets, and a half lawless, half irresolute air. In reply to a question, he said:

'I've smoked and chewed ever since I was seven; I would rather die than quit now.'

It seemed right to that boy to cultivate the vice of tobacco using, and at fourteen he was almost as hopeless as a lad of his age can be in God's world. He had a weak and diseased body, a weak and foul mind. The end was only too evident, and that not far away. One who saw him said: 'He is just a motiveless, forceless, unsightly, meandering—spittoon.'

Here is another case. A younger boy, who two or three years earlier had been noticeable among his schoolmates for his bright face, quick wit, and eagerness for knowledge, had changed sadly. On being asked about himself, he said:

'Yes, I am in school, but somehow I can't remember things as I used to. The folks say it is because I smoke too many cigarettes, but I don't know. 'Spose I could quit, but it would be a pretty tough job. Most wish sometimes I hadn't begun, but I don't reckon it will matter very much if I do keep on.'

A dealer in tobacco said, respecting cigarettes: 'I feel verily guilty oftentimes for handling the article, I see so much moral and physical evil resulting from their use. Why, if I shut a fly in the cigarette case, in five minutes it will be dead. The atmosphere is rank poison.'

Many a bright, promising lad lies in an untimely grave because of this vice. Many another still walks the earth, a wreck in body and soul. Oh, for a Christian crusade against this vice that is destroying such vast numbers of our country's best youth! — Sophie Bronson Titterington, in 'Sunday-school Illustrator.'

Take the Pledge.

The form of Christian Endeavor I wish to bring before you this week is a very important one, because it means endeavoring to rid our land and every land from one great curse which lies in the way of Christian work of other sorts, like a rock where a road ought to be. You will hardly be able to realize yet for many years, all that this curse brings on the world — the curse of strong drink, not drink that can be taken to the glory of God, but drink that is taken to satisfy the thirst that it creates, and which can never satisfy it. What I want you now to do is to take the fact of the evil of intoxicating liquors from those who have seen it themselves, and to determine that by God's help you will never drink them, unless on special occasions, prescribed by a doctor, and in writing, just as he would prescribe opium or any other poisonous drug, when he cannot give you anything else. I trust that you all either have signed or will sign this pledge, and for Christ's sake will lead others to do so too. It is better to deprive ourselves of any possible pleasure, rather than to run into one unnecessary temptation. I read the other day of a little five-year-old, seated on her father's knee while he was talking to some friends on temperance. During a break in the conversation she looked up to him and said, 'But, papa, if no one began to drink there would be no drunkards.' The little one had learned a great truth.—'The Christian.'

A Vile Habit.

'Nothwithstanding that the gold enamelled snuff-boxes of the rich of the eighteenth century are laid on the shelf,' says the New York 'Press,' 'the consumption of snuff has continued to increase. I had an idea that nearly all the dippers lived in the Southern States, and was surprised to learn the other day that Boston is the largest consumer of snuff in the United States. They use it on the sly over there. A manufacturer from Waltham informed me that all the spare time of his clerks was employed in doing up snuff in five-cent packages for the factory girls, who formed in a long line every Saturday night, when paid off, and purchased a week's supply. There are four great snuff factories in the United States, whose annual output is 13,000,000 pounds. Twenty years ago only 3,000,000 pounds were manufactured.'

Nicotine.

I am the Spirit Nicotine;
'Tis I who glide the lips between;
Through the lips I trace the brain;
There I am a mighty pain.
I pursue my fatal track
Down the arched and marrowy back,
And the vertebrae grow slack.
Naught can hinder, naught can swerve,
I pervade each secret nerve;
Pick my meal with knife and dart
From the palpitating heart;
Quaff the leaping crimson flood,
Of the rich and generous blood.
I the yellow bile diffuse;
Paint the face in ghastly hues.
Muscle and sinew,
May not continue
To hold their wonted haughty pride,
The while I through the system glide.
Slowly I my purpose wreak,
Slowly fades the blooming cheek.
Gloomy fancies I suggest,
Fill with fears the hardy breast.
The limbs then fail,
The lamp burns dim,
Life hears Death's hail,
And answers him,
Heart and liver, lungs and brain,
All their powers lose amain,
And yield to me,
And I! and I!
Laugh to see
My victim die.
—'Jewish Messenger.'

'Will you wholly abstain from the use of tobacco?' was the question which Bishop Andrews addressed to each candidate for the ministry who appeared before him at the Methodist Episcopal Conference in New York. 'I will,' was the reply of each candidate. The Methodists are the only denomination that exacts that pledge.

Friend or Foe.

Once upon a time hardly anybody could read and there was not much to read. But that was long ago. Now, everyone, from the five-year-old upwards, reads something, and in the multitude of books and periodicals it is hard to select the best reading.

The family newspaper is such a constant companion and exerts such an influence for good or bad, especially on the young, that it is of tremendous importance which paper is selected. Have you ever considered that? A paper with high ideals is a family friend, a paper with low ideals is a family foe. If you don't take the 'Witness,' and would like to know what it is like, send us twenty-five cents in three cent stamps, and we will send you either the 'Daily Witness,' for one month, or the 'Weekly Witness,' for three months; or, if you prefer to subscribe for a year, the rates are:

'Daily Witness,' $3.00 per annum.

'Weekly Witness,' $1.00 per annum.

Address, John Dougall & Son, Publishers, Montreal.

LESSON V.—JULY 31.

Naboth's Vineyard.

I. Kings xxi., 4-16. Memory verses, 4-6. Read chapters xxi. and xxii.

Golden Text.

'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house.'—Ex. xx., 17.

Home Readings.

M. I. Kings xxi., 1-16.—Naboth's vineyard.

T. I. Kings xxii., 1-36.—The death of Ahab.

W. I. Kings xxii., 37-53.—His son Ahaziah's evil reign.

T. Luke xii., 13-30.—'Take heed and beware of covetousness.'

F. I. Tim. vi., 1-11.—'Man of God, flee these things.'

S. Psa. xciv., 1-23.—Vengeance belongeth to God.

S. Jas. v., 1-11.—'Ye have condemned and killed the just.'

Lesson Story.

We have this week a story of robbery and murder. Ahab, the wicked king of Israel, coveted the garden of Naboth, whose grounds joined those of the palace at Jezreel.

Naboth would not sell the inheritance of his fathers, therefore Ahab went sulkily to his own room, and refused his food, like a spoilt child. He told Jezebel of his disappointment, and she instantly promised to secure the vineyard for him. With wicked ingenuity she instantly planned a way to get rid of Naboth. She wrote letters in Ahab's name, and with his seal sent them to all the elders and nobles of the city. She bade them proclaim a fast as though some dreadful calamity had come to the city. Then they were to set Naboth up for a mock trial and bribe two worthless fellows to accuse him of blasphemy. After which they should carry Naboth out and stone him to death.

All this they did, and sent word to Jezebel that Naboth was killed. Then Jezebel said to her weak-minded husband that the vineyard was now his because Naboth was dead. And Ahab with the guilt of blood still fresh upon his soul arose and took possession of the vineyard, for which he and Jezebel had committed such crimes.

As Ahab walked in the vineyard, trying to enjoy it Elijah suddenly stood before him with a message from God. Because Ahab had done so wickedly, and had sold himself to sin, God said his family should be cut off entirely. Jezebel must die a dreadful death for her awful iniquities. But because Ahab repented, God promised that this should not happen in his lifetime.

Lesson Hints.

'Jezebel'—'Satan's most dangerous agents are not revolting creatures. I have no doubt that Jezebel was very handsome, very tasteful in dress, and very fascinating in her manners. But she was wicked and she encouraged Ahab to do wickedly. By that token he ought to have known her as an agent of Satan. By the same token you ought to know that any one who influences you to sin is selling you to the devil, no matter how clever or gifted or interesting he or she may be.—Rev. H. A. Nelson, D.D.

'Naboth'—was quite right in refusing to sell his inheritance, (Lev. xxv., 23).

'Ahab'—was as guilty, but not as bold as Jezebel.

'Sealed them'—each man had his own seal with which to sign all documents instead of writing his name.

'Belial'—not a proper name, but literally translated, worthlessness, or 'sons of recklessness.'

'Blaspheme'—curse. An awful sin, the Orientals are very careful for the honor of God's name. This was an entirely false charge, but Naboth was given no chance to defend himself.

'The elders and nobles' — the same who some years later slew Ahab's own sons. (II. Kings, x., 1, 6, 7.)

Questions to Be Studied at Home.

1. Describe the character of Ahab.
2. Tell of a covetous person in the New Testament.
3. Why should Naboth not have sold his land?
4. Why was Ahab's family destroyed?
5. What lesson do we learn from this?

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

July 31.

A child may pout, but why should a king be so childish? Verse 4.

What a contrast between Naboth and Esau. Verses 5-6. Compare Gen. xxv., 32-34.

Jezebel had great decision of character, and might have been a power for good, had her heart been opened to receive the grace of God. Verses 7, 8.

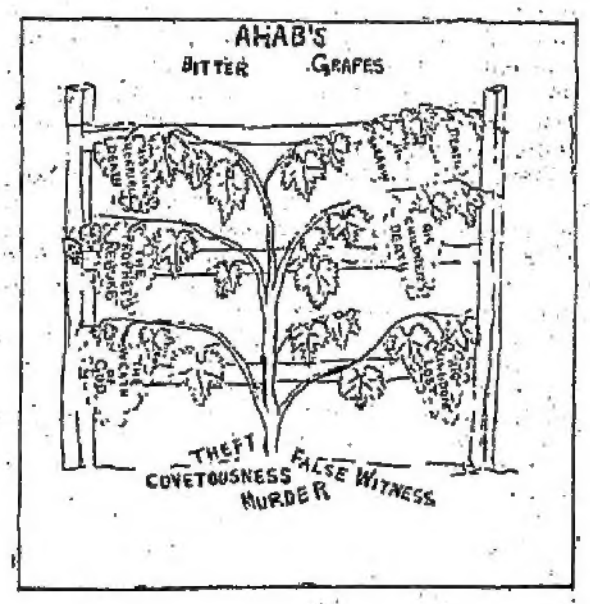
A mock trial, a false accusation, an unjust sentence and a cruel death. How like the trial and treatment of a greater than Naboth. Verses 9-13. Compare Mark xiv., 55-65.

If God is angry with the man who steals his neighbor's property, what about him who ruins the soul of his fellow-man? Verses 15, 16. Also Habak. ii., 15.

Tiverton, Ont.

The Lesson Illustrated.

The devil's grapes always have glossy leaves on the vine and a beautiful bloom upon the fruit. They always look tempting, but their taste is the bitterness of hell. Naboth's vineyard looked so fair in Ahab's eyes that at last, after failing to buy it honorably, he paid a terrible price for it. His own covetousness. Jezebel's evil plans and terrible orders, signed with the seal of the kingdom, the false witnesses and wicked



elders of the village, the hypocritical feast day and its culminating crime.

Then, as he steps inside, to enjoy his dear-bought vineyard, the prophet meets and rebukes the false king. Then the prophet treads out the vintage that Ahab has already begun to taste. Naboth's vineyard, that gave sweet fruit for honest toil, watered with covetousness, false witness, murder and theft, bears as its fruit the bitterness of sin, a horrible death for Ahab and Jezebel, the destruction of their children, the loss of the kingdom and the wrath of God.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

July 31.—The evils of covetousness.—Ex. xx., 17: Luke xii., 13-21.

What Teachers Need.

(From address by Marianne Farningham, in Yorkshire.)

May I suggest that as Sunday-school teachers, that which we need the most is an increase of faith—faith in God, and faith in the Sunday-school as the best possible means of training men and women for the future. Faith in God. 'It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish.' 'The promise is to you and to your children.' 'Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved? We believe that we all even the little ones, need a Saviour; but we believe that we and that they have the Saviour we need. There is something in him that draws the hearts of the little ones to himself, and we are sure that he is able to keep them. Very young children may make the great decision, and often do. Why should we expect a break between this early love to Jesus and the love of later years which leads to the church? Is it necessary that our young people should go down into the depths of sin before they can be uplifted to the heights of holiness? Must they become prodigals from the Father's house, and waste their substance in riotous living before it becomes possible for them to say, 'I will arise and go to my Father'? You do not believe this for your own children, why then for others? We pray that our children may be brought to Jesus. Indeed, we ourselves, in prayer and love, bring them to him! 'If our faith were but more simple, we would take him at his word'; and believing that they are in the kingdom we would train them as 'King's sons and daughters.' We believe that the children as children can be converted. What is conversion? Is it not turning round to Christ? And do not we believe that even the little ones in our infant classes can and often do, much oftoner than we think, turn their loving, trustful eyes to him? They turn their faces to him and are glad; it is we who get the vision obscured. But they cannot see and believe unless they be led, and the Sunday-schools, to which they come in their thousands must be, above all else that they may be, the places of meeting between the Lord Jesus and the children. This is our calling—to reveal Christ to the young. I know that they cannot see him unless their eyes are opened by the Holy Spirit, but he is promised to us and to our children. Let us only believe, and we and they will see. I wish we might aim at nothing else for a while but this one great object, to teach Christ and him crucified, his life and words and work, his kingdom and how it is formed in the world, and especially how and by whom it is to be carried on now. We want to teach them more and more that Christianity is a life, and that the life is to be lived in vital connection with the Life-Giver. 'He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit.' It is Christ's men who are to be the men of influence and true power in the New Century. The aristocracy of the future will be the aristocracy of character. In the past we have had so little faith that the school could train them for this. Let us pray, 'Lord, increase our faith.' Let us go up and possess this land, for we are able.

The Teacher's Trophy.

Charlotte was an angel in the house where she served. She went about her work so quietly that you would not know she was moving at all. If any one were sick, she was the kindest, most helpful, person in the house. If any one was cross she knew how to speak, and how to be silent, so as to put the crossness away. If any one was discontented, Charlotte's content made them ashamed of themselves. The children loved her, and well they might. She had good words and kind words for them all. And withal she was tidy, and thoughtful and true.

There never was a girl of her age — and she was only fourteen—who walked more habitually and truly in the way of Christian life. And this was the secret of it—she walked by the light of God's lamp. Her teacher was one who took great pains with her class, and tried to find out the disposition of each scholar. And she found out Charlotte's. And then she searched out a chapter fitting her disposition and said, 'Now, Charlotte, you will read that chapter, and think over some part of it every day.' It was the chapter in Corinthians about Charity. And Charlotte read that chapter three times a day; and it was a lamp to her feet.

Day by day she consulted her lamp, and hid the light of it in her heart, and from thence it would stream out, and show her paths of meekness, goodness, and gentleness to travel in.

Charlotte is grown up to be a young woman. I try sometimes to look into the future, and I see her old and feeble, and dying and buried out of view. But always I think, when that sad vision comes up, that her lamp will never be old—never be buried. 'Charity never faileth.' And her charity, I am sure, will pass on, when she dies, and burn among the lamps that burn before the throne of God.—Dr. Alexander Macleod.

HOUSEHOLD.

In the Bedroom.

(By Mary Louise Palmer.)

The bedroom is a good place to learn neatness if the lesson has not been acquired elsewhere. The bedroom is a good place to practice neatness. It is the place in which we pass at least one-third of the twenty-four hours; why not have it neat and tidy, positively clean, tasteful and inviting?

A child early taught habits of neatness about her room can early assume the care and perform most of the work. That is an advantage and help to her mother. When no care or toil is expected of the daughters of the house as regards their sleeping-room and personal belongings, one finds poorly equipped, ill-trained maidens. They are not, as a rule, desirable visitors when circumstances place them in other homes. Besides is it not mistaken kindness?

I call to mind a dear girl reared in a home where all duties of a trying, perplexing nature were delegated to others. She was not vigorous, and for that reason must be shielded; she was not obliged to work in the home, servants performed every duty, hence habits of industry were never formed. She lived to learn and declare that it was a mistaken kindness on the part of her parents. If she had been taught and expected to perform the work of her bedroom only, it would have been helpful in after years, for with the turn of Fortune's wheel she became acquainted with ways and means in quite a different manner.

Select wool or hair mattresses, and always in sections. Some of the best housekeepers I have known have a cover of unbleached muslin for the mattress. This protects it, and is a tidy custom. It can be washed, and is specially recommended for children's or invalid's beds. In the matter of feather beds opinions differ. By many good country families they are considered heirlooms. No daughter of a well-to-do farmer was expected to enter the matrimonial state forty years ago without one at least, and she has much the same opinion of her daughter or grand-daughter to-day. Nevertheless I believe feather beds have assumed a back seat and for cleanliness and general comfort mattresses take their place. Blankets in place of comfortables are to be preferred; they are lighter, easier cleaned and warmer for their weight.

On leaving the room in the morning clothes should be thrown from the bed, or better, the bed should be stripped and left to air. It is the work of a moment to do this, raise the window and the good work begins at once. I believe in sweeping and dusting often, and am inclined to think that this is too much neglected in some homes. Let use rather than ornament, comfort rather than discomfort be the rule, and do not forget, dear housekeeping friends, that cleanliness is next to godliness. — 'Zion's Herald.'

'You Said You Would.'

'I believe I'll never make the children another promise,' said a troubled, busy mother, 'at least,' she added, modifying her impetuous declaration, 'unless I am sure of being able to perform it.' She had been confronted—as what mother has not been at some time or other?—by a little, grieved, surprised urchin who on demanding the gingerbread promised for his lunch was told that it had been so crowded a morning that the gingerbread had not been made. 'I really meant to make it, Sammy,' she said apologetically. It was then that the great eyes as well as the voice of the little fellow said reproachfully, 'You said you would.'

A much older boy said in my hearing only the other day, while ruefully regarding his unmended gloves, 'You said you would.' These household promises, as they might be termed, should indeed be guardedly made. Many of us have heard a grown man or women say, 'My mother never deceived me.' Some doubtless may be able to add, 'and she never broke a promise made me.'

Now there is a vast difference between deceiving a child and failing to keep a promise. The former is usually intentional, the latter is sometimes entirely unavoidable. So careful and conscientious are some mothers and housekeepers, that in promising to do anything for a member of the family, they rarely fail to add, 'If nothing happens to prevent.' This is the wisest way, as no one can be absolutely sure of accomplishing certain things, no matter how good the will may be.

'Oh, you told a story!' exclaimed another blunt child on discovering that a promise made before school hours had not been kept. The mother attempted to show, and perhaps succeeded in showing the disappointed child that no falsehood lurked in the unfulfilled promise, albeit there was no proof of having been convinced in the little face, even after due explanation had been offered. He found it hard to distinguish between a wrong story, and the 'hindering circumstance,' so easily understood by older heads. A cautious proviso would keep many a mother straight with the unreasoning little folks, and it is well worth while to preserve one's credit with these exacting midgets, who are very apt in treasuring up one's exact words upon occasion. Mothers are often perfectly faithful in following up a promised penalty in case of disobedience, and it surely is a thousand pities to be any less faithful in following up a pleasanter promise.

Will not mothers, both younger and a little further along in years, take into serious consideration the real importance of keeping their word in the household, just as far as possible? And will it not be worth while to so word a promise that it cannot be really broken? There is a world of reproach that is not easily forgotten by the little folks in a disappointed cry of 'You said you would!'—'Christian Work.'

The Children's Stockings.

(By Augusta Salisbury Prescott.)

Let us see which are the weak spots in a stocking: the heel, toe, ball of the foot, back of the leg, and knee. Do you not find them so? Now let us consider how these places, on which the rub and strain come, may be strengthened so that the whole stocking will wear out evenly; and when it becomes necessary to do any serious repairing, the entire stocking will be found giving away.

When the stockings are new (supposing that they are dark) run a piece of black silk braid on the inside of the leg, letting it extend over the back seam from the heel to the top. Overcast both edges of the braid firmly down, and the back seam will remain closed as long as there is a scrap of stocking left. For the heels cut out triangles of twilled jean and backstitch without turning in the edges to the under side of the back of the heel. Round the corners of the triangle slightly, and put on so that one of the points will run up the back seam of the leg. Hold the piece rather slack and quilt a few rows through the centre of it. When done and the stocking turned right side out there should not be the slightest wrinkle.

A little practice is necessary to do this just right, but, once having learned how, it is very quick and simple work, and a bundle of these twilled patches, ready cut for use, will form a part of the stock in the work basket. For tender feet the patches may be cut from the legs of old stockings.

Strengthen the feet by running the toes and soles of the feet for half of their length with darning cotton, row after row of small stitches drawn loosely.

Lastly, quilt the knees, and to do this successfully requires a great deal of care, for not a stitch must show through. Get darning cotton of exactly the color of the stockings and run long threads of it back and forth on the under side in such a way that only the inside loop of the stitch is taken up. Let the cotton lie very loosely or it will have a drawn look on the right side. Run the rows of stitches as close to each other as possible, then cross them in the same manner. If carefully done, the knees of the stockings will feel thick, but the right side will look precisely as when new.

The whole operation may take half an hour for each stocking, but it is seldom that it requires any further attention, and there is the added merit that hosiery treated in this way always looks like new, for no varicolored patches, or darning stitches are visible. This method is only possible for new stockings. Worn out ones may be partially redeemed by putting in new feet, the heel in one piece, and the sole of the foot in another. If the legs have no back seam, they may be cut off at the foot and the top sewed to the ankle, or the leg may be turned completely round, so that what was the top of the knee will come under the knee joint.

Look for weak spots rather than holes, for stitches taken before there are actual holes save — not nine, but an indefinite number. —'Housewife.'

Some Home Hints.

The peel of potatoes, when dried in the oven, will light the fire quickly instead of wood, thus saving expense and being a far more healthy way of getting rid of the peel than by putting it in the dustbin.

An article that should be found in every kitchen is a vegetable brush. Lettuce, spinach, celery, and many other vegetables may be cleaned much more readily with one than with the hands.

To prevent a bruise from discoloring apply immediately hot water, or, if that is not at hand, moisten some dry starch with cold water and cover the bruised place.

Wormwood boiled in vinegar and applied as hot as can be borne on a sprain or bruise is an invaluable remedy. The affected member should afterwards be rolled in flannel to retain the heat.

Pastry is much lighter if mixed with a knife instead of the hand and rolled with a plain glass bottle instead of a rolling pin.

On spots produced by an acid, the color may be restored by touching them with spirit of hertshorn; while, if produced by alkali, they may be removed with vinegar or tartaric acid.

Tea and berry stains may be removed by pouring clear, boiling water through the stains.—'Hand and Heart.'

Selected Recipes.

Scalloped Chicken with Rice.—The chicken should be boiled, and the rice cooked in the broth till tender. Mince whatever meat of the fowl you do not wish to serve in another way, season with salt, pepper, celery salt, a little nutmeg, bits of butter, and moisten with the broth. Line the baking-dish with the rice. Put the chicken in the middle, cover with a layer of rice, sprinkle cracker dust over all, dotting with butter. Bake till of a delicate brown in a moderate oven. One cupful of rice, before cooking, will be sufficient for a good-sized escallop. If there is not sufficient stock to moisten the fowl, use a little cream.

SMALL SAND CAKES.

Wash one pound of butter and stir it to a cream; gradually add half a pound of sugar, two eggs and one and one-hahlf pound of flour. Roll out thin. Cut out into round cakes, wash over with the yolk of egg beaten with a little sugar, and strew with sugar, cinnamon and almonds.

ESCALLOPED OYSTERS.

Into a well-buttered pan put a layer of oysters, cover with a layer of cracker crumbs, sprinkle plentifully with seasoning, such as salt, pepper, celery salt, cloves and mace; add layers of oysters and cracker crumbs, alternately, until all are used; add enough of the liquor and sweet cream to dampen the mixture. Put a few lumps of butter on top and bake forty minutes. If milk be used instead of cream, add butter to each layer of oysters. They may be prepared the day before being used, if kept in a cool place.

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